Will proue as bitter,blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margret*,who comes here?

Enter the Queene, and the Dutches of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young Princes, ah my tender babes,
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweet,
If yet your gentle soules flye in the ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer aboue me with your aiery wings,
And heare your mothers lamentations.

Q.Mar. Houer about her,say that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne,to aged night,

Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrales of the wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done?

Q.Mar. When holy *Mary* dyed, and my sweet sonne.

Dut. Blind sight,dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,
Woes sceane,worlds shame,graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke,with innocents blood.

Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue
As thou canst yeild a melancholly seat,
Then would I hide my bones,not rest them here;
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

Dut. So many miseries hath crazd my voyce
That my woe-wearied tongue,is mute and dumb
Edward Plantagenet,why art thou dead?

Q.Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiory,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper-hand,
If sorrow can admit society.
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst an *Edward*,till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst a *Richard*,till a *Richard* kild him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too,and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too,and thou holpst to kill him:

Q.Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too,till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A

A hell-hound that doth hun
That Dog that had his teet
To worry Lambes, and lap t
That foule defacer of Gods
Thy wombe let loose to cha
O vpright,iust, and true dis
How do I thanke thee, for t
Preyes on the issue of his Mo
And make her pewfellow w

Dut. O *Harries* wife, triu
God witnesse with me I haue

Q.Mar. Beare with me, I an
And now I cloy me with be
Thy *Edward* he is dead,tha
Thy other *Edward* dead, to
Young *Yorke*,he is but boot
Match not the high perfecti
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, th
And the beholders of this tr
The adulterate *Hastings*,*R*
Vntimely smothered in thei
Richard yet liues,hels black
Onely reserued their factor
And send them thither,but
Ensues his pitious, and vnpi
Earth gapes,hell burnes,fien
To haue him suddenly conu
Cancell his bonds of life de
That I may liue to say, the

Qu. O thou didst prophe
That I should wish for thee
That botteld spider,that fo

Q.Mar. I cald thee then v
I cald thee then poore shad
The presentation of but wh
The flattering index of a d
One heau'd a high to be hu
A mother onely mockt with
A dreame of which thou w

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37